

The St. Joseph's Collegian

VOL. II. RENSSELAER, (Collegeville P. O.) IND., DECEMBER, 1895. NO 4



A CHRISTMAS CROWN FOR THE
INFANT LORD.

O star of Redemption in Bethlehem's sky
Emitting thy lustre to brighten the earth,
Thou tellest in joy to the languishing eye
The tale of our Savior's miraculous birth. d
O wonder predicted when sceptres shoul
change

When Juda, no longer possessing the
throne,
Respected not prophets—to God grew es-
trange,
When gale-storms of sin o'er the earth long
had blown
And nations entire from all virtue were
torn,
When Janus was closed—yet when kings
were unable
To loosen sin's fetters--of Mary was born
The King of all kings in a Bethlehem-
stable!
Ah! contrast unspeakable here to behold!
The humblest of humble, the poorest of
poor,
Unclad in the purple, exposed to the cold,
His palace a stable—his kingdom's contour
O'erreaching all space—in a manger he lies
Inviting our pray'rs which he'll never de-
spise.
Then greetings let's offer with heavenly
choirs,
Adore our new King as the shepherds of
old;
Likewise men let's kindle frank-incense
fires
And taste of the happiest glory untold.
Let's weave with the season's fond greet-
ing's a crown,
Let us the angelical 'glorias' sing
While laying our diadem pleadingly down
Before that sweet Infant, uncrowned—yet
our king.

JAS. B. FITZPATRICK.

THE BOY'S CHOIR.

Previous to the year 1893 the girls' choir of the Church of The Immaculate Conception in one of our large Western cities always had the honor of singing the Christmas Mass.

The boys were not wanting in mettle, as there was enough of excellent timber among their voices to outrival their sister choir; but they were lacking in the earnest endeavors and diligence of their bright opponents.

However as Christmas was drawing near, they determined this year to make the most strenuous efforts to obtain the privilege hitherto so easily conceded to the girls, and as a reward for their noble and indefatigable zeal Father Shea, the pastor of the Church, conferred the honor upon them.

The boys were now in the height of their glory and with willing hearts they earnestly set to work preparing for the magnificent feast.

All was gliding smoothly and the boys were confident of success, when suddenly a misfortune occurred and all their fond hopes were blasted. Charles Reed, the leading soprano, and in fact the main strength of the choir, while joyfully skating with a number of his companions fell and painfully injured himself and would be unable to leave his bed for a month.

What was to be done? There was hardly another who could replace him in his part. Were the girls yet to be victorious?

For a while it so appeared. But fortune was not so cruel as to blight the happy prospects of these joyful youths, or rather it was but a little rub sent by Providence to enhance the value of the boys' merits.

"Oh Edgar", said one of the smaller boys, "you always concoct some scheme to help us out of difficulties, so set your active mind to work and help us out of this."

A thousand thoughts surged through Edgar's mind at this request, but, after a moment's thought, his countenance brightened, and from his heavy lips fell the joyful words: "Boys, I have struck it. You are all more or less acquainted with the person of Norwood Gardner. Well, he has an excellent soprano voice, and, as he and I have become steadfast friends of late, I think I can persuade him to lend us his assistance and extricate us from this predicament. If all are pleased with my proposition, I will ask mama to teach Norwood his part, so

there will be no need of any more rehearsals."

All heartily responded in favor of the proposition, for they knew that whatever Edgar took under his charge proved a success.

Edgar at once wended his way home and unfolded to his mother their misfortune and his proposition. Mrs. Shovey willingly acquiesced to her loving son's request and bade him drive over at once and see if Norwood would consent.

No sooner said than Edgar bounded towards the stable and in the course of a few moments was on his way to Norwood's home.

Norwood was the only child born to his parents. His father was a good Catholic and in comfortable circumstances, but shortly after the birth of his son he was severely injured in a railway accident and after many months of painful sufferings he died thus leaving to the mother the task of educating and providing for their son.

Norwood grew to be an exemplary boy, intelligent, handsome, honest and truthful. He was gentle, unaffected, and kind and inspired everyone with confidence and esteem. He was baptised a Catholic, but his mother being a Protestant withheld from him this great boon, and earnestly strove to keep him from Catholic associates. But the ways of Providence are mysterious, and notwithstanding all the efforts of the mother, he found a great attachment for Edgar Shovey and they had now become intimate friends.

Edgar soon reached the home of Norwood and made known to him the object of his visit. Norwood joyfully assented; but there was still a greater barrier in the way than his consent. He must first obtain the permission of his mother, for Norwood was an obedient boy and would do nothing against her wishes.

He informed his mother of the object of Edgar's visit and entreated her to grant him leave to fulfill his friend's request. She at first flatly refused, but seeing that it would mar the happiness of the son she tenderly loved at last yielded.

Upon this Edgar extended to her an invitation to attend the Christmas Mass which she joyfully accepted.

Norwood accompanied Edgar home that evening and under the instructions of Mrs. Shovey soon learned his part.

At last the long looked for Christmas had arrived and as early as half past four o'clock

Mr. and Mrs. Shovey and Edgar were gliding over the snow in their beautiful sleigh drawn by two pretty jet black steeds on their way to church. As it was necessary for them to pass the home of Mrs. Gardner they halted and took in Norwood and his mother. In a few minutes they all had reached the church and Edgar and Norwood ran up to the choir, while Mr. and Mrs. Shovey proceeded to their pew accompanied by Mrs. Gardner.

Norwood was struck with amazement when he beheld the interior of the church. His eyes had never rested on anything more beautiful. His countenance beamed with an expression of intense happiness, while he remained motionless entirely wrapt up with the enchantments that surrounded him.

Suddenly the notes of the deep laboring organ burst upon his ears and in a few moments the procession of altar boys and the clergy vested in their priestly robes marched slowly and with gravity out of the Sanctuary and began the celebration of the Mass. The organist entered the "Kyrie" and in a moment the church was ringing with sweet gushes of melody. Norwood's sweet powerful voice could be heard above the rest and more than one inquisitive person turned his head to get a glimpse at the marvelous singer.

The ceremonies were grand and imposing and the boys did admirably well save now and then a few breaks which were ably recovered. The "Adeste Fidelis" sung by Norwood with the voice of a thrush or nightingale distilling celestial melody, was the most charming ever heard within the portals of the Church. It was the acme of the choir's efforts.

When Norwood and Edgar descended from the choir they were the cynosure of attention. Norwood and his mother got into the sleigh with Mr. and Mrs. Shovey and drove to the latter's home where the live long day was charmingly spent in joyful amusements much enlivened by the recollections of the morning's success. For Norwood it was an ideal day and from that time on his mother changed her opinions of the Catholic religion.

But Norwood had not gazed his fill and the next day bright and early he called for Edgar to go and see the crib. They went and through the simple explanations of Edgar's a spark of light was infused into his then darkened soul. As the days withered

by the spark grew bright and in the course of a short while his soul was flooded with the true light.

Obtaining permission from his mother he took instructions of Father Shea and on the following Easter Sunday he was received into the true fold.

He is at present singing in the boys' choir, but in a short time he and Edgar will start for College to take up their studies for the holy priesthood.

Edified by the shining virtues of her son, Mrs. Gardner has followed his example and is at present taking instruction of Father Shea expecting to be received into the true fold on Happy New Year's Day.

EDW. MUNGOVAN.

A GOOD THOUGHT REWARDED.

A SKETCH.

A carpet of snow formed by thin wavering flakes covered the earth. The white drops gradually increased in size and fell in abundance, as if to save the day from extinction by the impending darkness, or, that the dreary spectacle of a barren earth at Christmas time might be hidden by a pure and spotless mantle of white. It was a few hours previous to Christmas eve. In front of the "Courier" building, unnoticed and apart from the crowd of newsboys who had gathered there in waiting for the evening papers, two brothers were conversing and had for a theme the approaching feast. They were orphans. The few hours they had at their disposal after the parish school was dismissed, they utilized in distributing the "Courier". The elder injected very little spirit into the conversation; his mind was absorbed in contriving some means by which to gladden the heart of his younger brother on the great feast of joy. He gazed upon Maurice and noted the twinkling and sudden flash of his eyes when the subject of bestowing gifts was alluded to. He wondered if that little heart at present teeming with thoughts of Christmas was contemplating the giving or receiving of gifts. At length he ventured to ask him: "Maurice, what would you like for a present?"

John received no answer, but the expression of Maurice's countenance was a tacit acknowledgment that he would be pleased with a gift of John's selection. John knew full well that in case Maurice had expressed a preference, he could not satisfy it for they

were both poor in the goods of this world, but rich in the sympathy that existed between them and in the affection that bound them together. But he was content. As we, on a calm night direct our vision heavenward, unmindful of the barren scene that may be spread before us, to view the starry firmament, so he found comfort in the many marks of affection emanating from the sanctuary of Maurice's heart where a brotherly love was enshrined and formed a fitting refuge for John when too deeply tried by the remembrance of his inability to present a suitable offering to his brother. He mused deep and long. In those expansive fields whither he had been borne upon the wings of fancy, his mind was confused with the multitude of ideas presented, and he endeavored to grasp and dissolve them; but, when he attempted to introduce order into this chaos of fantasy, it vanished and the reality of affairs seemed more real than ever.

That Christmas took up its abode in the chambers of the past. No one had been lavish of favors to John, and all that he could do to show his appreciation of those pure and gentle rays, which had continually gushed forth from Maurice's soul — like rays of moonlight on the waters with more sweetness than brightness and more tenderness than joy, was to wish him a "Merry Christmas".

Years drifted on. The winds of fortune were favorable to John. He braved the storms and dangers on the sea of experience, and at last sailed into the port of success. He was now a rich man. His youthful features were cast in a thoughtful mould and that thoughtfulness has ripened into a befitting gravity. The amiableness of his character, so prominent in his youth, has traced itself in his actions and in his appearance. It has not lessened; but, the duties that manhood entails, usurped the place it occupied when he and Maurice were passing the morning of life in each others' company.

Now on Christmas eve, he joyously foregoes the pleasures of a comfortable seat by his fireside and strolls on a mission of charity. That same "Courier" building is his destination. There to an assembled crowd of newsboys he dispenses lavishly of his wealth. His affluent circumstances enable him to give without stint, but what is of greater import to him is the fact that from his own experience, he has gleaned the

knowledge that his gifts will strike a chord of deep gratitude in the hearts of those upon whom his charity is conferred. He observes the serenity which steals over his little friends when they become acquainted with the object of his errand — now developing into enthusiasm, which unexpected joy awakens, then subsiding as if their delighted souls were in communion with self. That scene in which he and Maurice were the only actors now flashes upon his mind as bright and vivid as when it was enacted. Each little fellow receives an appropriate present. More rapidly than a skilled musician could evoke notes, each recipient ran from treble to bass in gratitude and benediction. The silver stream that ripples onward, and the wild and dashing river, although so different unite to form that grand expanse of waters — the ocean — wherein their characteristics are lost; thus as each little soul delivered its tribute of thanks, the sounds may have been discordant by reason of being individual in tone; but beyond that discord there was a harmony, cheering, pleasing, and melodious to John. The sum of their joy was his joy. Painters talk of the difficulties of expressing the existence of compound passions in the same features at the same time; it would be no less difficult to analyze those "troops of gentle thoughts" which extended their sway over John, and held him captive. The little assembly dispersed — the newsboys betook themselves to their tasks, and John wended his way homeward. A rich man and those fortunate children of the poor had a quality in common on that Christmas eve — they were happy.

Although years ago, John was unable to bestow a gift upon Maurice he believes the desire of those days has born fruit.

T. M. CONROY.

A BALLADE OF JOY.

Each earthly hope is but a ray
Of sunlight through our misery:
Our earthly joy doth pass away,
And with it goes its devotee.
What ease and comfort can there be
To pacify this heart of mine
Until my soul can eas'ly see
That Thou, O Lord art truly mine?
Praise, found in life, goes for the day
And wealth for us can only be,
Like to a fraud, cost what it may:
And weakens our sincerity.

But Thou, O Lord! I crave for Thee
To come and in my heart recline;
Let my own conscience prove to me
That Thou, O Lord! art truly mine.

Unless our joy its Master finds
Is but a dream, and cannot last;
Its feudal traits doth us incline
To make us dwell on folly past.
But Thou, Good Lord! wilt surely blast
Not my fond hopes of what's sublime
And make me feel ere time has flashed
That Thou O Lord! art truly mine.

ENVOY.

Prepare me then in safety
And let Thy powerful grace divine
Enshroud my soul in ecstasy,
For Thou, O Lord! art truly mine.

JOHN. C. WAKEFER.

POOR ANGELO.

The year of our Lord 1875 was drawing to a close. It was Christmas eve. The splendid city of Berlin lay bright as ever illumined by the soft light of the regent of the night. The marble-like cover with which every object was overlaid, though often styled the shroud of dead nature, did not impair her looks, but rather added to the splendor of her appearance. The temperature keen yet nearly pleasant had turned with nightfall into a piercing cold. All trottoirs were yet lively with the joyous voices of chattering people that were hurrying home to enjoy a pleasant grand festival on the morrow. But soon the silence of night reigned supreme, and the moon-lit snow glistened like sparkling gems on the streets and house-tops. Thus nature dealt impartially in the distribution of her jewels with the hovel of a day-laborer and the palace of a millionaire. But upon a closer view inside, a great difference might be discovered.

From out of a garret-chamber on a lonely street leading westwardly to the "Unter den Linden", there you notice the faint glimmer of a light. On approaching you hear a clear voice utter childlike tones of lamentation, words betraying the deepest affliction. "O mother, sweetest, dearest mother, why do you not answer? Oh, I am so very cold, so tired, so hungry. How affectionately did you clasp your loving arms around your Angelo's neck! How consolingly did you speak; but now--nothing more for your forsaken child, no word--no

look. — — Oh! mama has forgotten her Angelo!"

It was little Angelo Gottlieb. His poor mother void of all human assistance, with her lamenting child at her side, had just breathed her last. Angelo was thus deprived of his only solace, the sun of his life. No one would now prepare his frugal meals, no one mend his scanty clothes, no one pay for his poor dwelling. In all his poverty he was happy with his mother; now, however, he was at a loss how to get on.

But always regarding the admonitions of his pious mother, the little youth had frequently wended his way to a chapel situated just opposite to their own poor dwelling-place. With good reasons, indeed, he now too visited this holy place. Prostrated before the picture of "Our Blessed Lady" to whom the chapel was dedicated, he uplifted hands and eyes to the mother of mercy. With bitter tears he besought his only refuge to have pity on the poorest of creatures.

"O little Jesus, dost thou ignore that I am so forsaken by all? Ah! how happy are our children on this holy feast! My mother told me, thou hadst been born so poor, but now art exceedingly rich. O, make me happy too!" Could such childlike petitions be unheeded by the Infant Jesus, by His merciful mother?

Just at the moment when Angelo uttered these words, a venerable matron had stealthily entered the little sanctuary. Angelica Freudenborn was one of the richest, noblest, and apparently happiest belonging to the cream of society. What caused her—for she was the nightly visitor—to seek this holy place at so unusual an hour? Had she, perchance, also a secret woe that overwhelmed her heart? Very true; into the brimming cup of her joys had fallen a drop of bitterness. Nine years ago—on Christmas eve—the cruel tyrant Death had entered the palace of baron Freudenborn and with his icy hand had snatched from her bosom her only child—an Angelo. Since that period Angelica permitted no Christmas eve to pass without giving vent to the strong emotions of her re-wounded heart before the picture of Our Blessed Lady. Oh, how she craved for one to supply the place of her deceased Angelo.

Anxious not to disturb the youthful prayer devoutly kneeling at the prie-dieu, she scarcely ventured to breathe but directed her whole attention to Angelo, who una-

ware of her presence addressed the Blessed Virgin in piteous tones. But one can rather imagine than describe what feelings seized the heart of Angelica when she heard the poor orphan exclaim; "O Mary, tell thy sweet Jesus to remember His poor Angelo. Tell Him that I, only five years old, stand all alone in this large world of ours."

Ah, Angelo — five years of age — the name, the very age of my own darling son. Is it the spirit of my child that I fancy to see? He is my Angelo's image and likeness. No, he shall no longer be a poor waif and I a childless mother. While these thoughts were passing in the mind of Angelica a plan suggested itself to her.

For a while Angelo continued to beseech the Blessed Virgin in such childlike tones as must rend every heart not altogether void of human feelings. Then overcome by weariness and exhaustion his little head began to droop and, at length, Angelo fell asleep.

Angelica had brought with her a small basket filled with biscuits, oranges, lemons and other fruits from the "Sunny South" meant to gladden the heart of some poor child or other. This she now deposited in front of the chapel-door that Angelo on leaving might be gladly surprised. She then resumed her former place and position to await the issue.

Calmly and peacefully the little orphan slept. His sleep must even be sweetened by a heavenly vision, or had you observed him you would have noticed an unearthly smile on his innocent lips. At length, all on a sudden, Angelo, clapping together his little hands awoke and as in continuation of his heavenly dream exclaimed: "Yes! I come; immediately I'll go in search for paradise to see all the angels, my dear father, my beloved mother."

He arose and forthwith left the chapel. "O Heaven, what's this?" With an exclamation of surprise and joy he seized the present. "Ah, truly, a present from one of those beautiful angels that I saw."—The biscuits moistened by tears of joy were soon consumed and his hunger once more appeased. "But oh! what can this be?" he said, taking an orange into his tender hands. Poor boy! never had he seen, much less tasted anything so delicious. "No doubt", he continued, "a delicious fruit from those fair regions. O, that the angel who fetched these things for me, were yet some-

where around to conduct me thither. Else I won't find paradise, for Be l i n s s o l a g e."

Surprised at such a simplicity, Angelica could no longer restrain herself. With tears of joy she had been observing him, but now stepped lightly forward to address the boy. "I am", she said, "to conduct thee to paradise; come along with me, and all will be well."

"How happy, how happy!" was all, Angelo could utter. Upon her arms Angelica bore her dearest charge to the palace of baron Freudenborn, all absorbed in the thought how glad a surprise she would make to her husband, how happy a Christmas feast for her adopted son Angelo.

The watchman in the street had just announced the hour of midnight, when the baroness reached her mansion. Her husband was yet awake, anxious on account of her delay. But no sooner was he acquainted with the story of Angelo, than overwhelmed with pity and joy he thanked his wife for presenting to him the very image of the long-departed son. Upon being questioned the little orphan began with the usual simplicity and confidence to explain, how miserably he had been living with his poor mother, how she had often wept unable to appease his hunger or meet his other wants, how she, at least, had taken sick and then (as he supposed) had become altogether indifferent to his interest, how he then prayed to the Blessed Virgin for help, and how he had beheld his mother in company of blithesome angels in paradise for which he now was in search.

Angelo was no longer a poor orphan. After a sound sleep on soft cushions, in a splendid palace, he arose a young baron Freudenborn. That Christmas day, however, was not to be a day of unimpaired happiness. Though he could not yet fully realize the heavy loss sustained in the death of his mother, his joys were saddened on beholding her cold, motionless body, which the baron had ordered to be conveyed to his mansion. But the baron and baroness soon succeeded in diverting his eyes and thought from his cause of sorrow, by procuring for him a costly yule-tree decorated with fruits and trinkets of every kind and description. For the evenings they invited the Catholic children of the neighborhood for a feast in honor of their darling Angelo. Many youthful friends arrived. Angelo was warmly congratulated as the hero of the day. The Christmas carols that were then

sung seemed to him something like those chants heard in his heavenly dream. Indeed, Anzelo believed him self to be in paradise; the only thing perplexing his mind was to see his dearest mother lifeless before him, though he was confident of having seen her, in his vision, joyful and numbingly angelic.

Since that Christmas feast twenty years have now elapsed. Anzelo Freudenborn has learned that his father and mother have migrated to those unseen regions of another world, but that he is left to work his way thither amid the hustle and bustle of a boisterous metropolis. Despite all his riches and splendors he has, however, not forgotten to show himself a grateful son as well to his departed as to his present father and mother. On every Christmas eve, too, he has visited the quiet, little sanctuary opposite to his former poor hovel to offer a prayer of petition for his deceased parents, and to implore the Infant Jesus to shower down Heaven's choicest blessings upon his benefactors.

DIDACUS BRACKMAN.

A STORY FROM THE GERMAN.

OF KARL MAY.

His countenance, upon this, had assumed an aspect of pride.

"The Kubatish, Sihdi, (lord) are the most renowned children of Abu Zett, their tribe embraces more than twenty ferhah and the bravest of them all is En Nurab to whom I belong."

"En Nurab? He is known to me."

"Be it thus, Sihdi, I dare now give ear to your voice, notwithstanding, your being an infidel from the indignant country Frankhistan."

"What name bear you?"

"My name is difficult to pronounce, it is as follows: Hassau-Ben-Adulfeda-Ibu-Haukal al Wardi-Iussuf-Ibu-Abul-Toslan-Ben-Isak al Duli."

I was forced to laugh when I beheld one of those sons of the desert, like his average brother, adducing to his name that of his entire tribe, a custom of theirs, to make the impression of noble birth.

Repeating the name I replied: "The tongue of an Inglesse is capable of pronouncing a name, should it reach from Bengasi to Kaschenah, nevertheless, I shall simply call you Hassan for Mohammed says: "Speak not ten words where one suffices."

"To the name Hassan I will never respond. Those acquainted with me call me Hassan el Kebihir, Hassan the Great, for be it known to you I am Djazzar-Bei the Manslayer."

"The steppes quake and the sabel trembles when Djazzar-Bei approaches, but his heart is full of grace, patience and mercy."

"Your name for the present is null, and only then shall I use your epithets when convinced you have merited them."

I began to anticipate that the good Hassan el Kebihir, despite his gigantic stature and heavy armor, was a man not much to be feared.

He solemnly declared that his name had been justly attributed to him and, to verify his declaration he presented several trophies consisting of knives, swords, lances etc. He then added: Sihdi Emir himself has bestowed this appellation upon him.

"Who is Emir?" interrupted I.

"Rabbena chalie, God assist you, know you not him who sent me to you?"

It occurred to me at the mention of Emir that he referred to Sir Emery. And so it really was.

The pleasant manner in which he expressed his surprise amused me very much, but, to lead him back to the previous subject I assumed a sterner tone of voice.

"Inform me of Sir Emery."

"I sojourned at Bilma, from whence I led a caravan to Zinder.—Permit me to inform you that Hassan the Great is a renowned caravan leader, acquainted with all the Sahara passages; he possesses an eye which renders the slightest omen incapable of escape."

If this be a fact his service to me will be inestimable. I immediately concluded to fathom the truth of his speech in order to learn what I may expect.

"Hassan, do you abide by the truth when you speak thus?"

Assuming a most dignified mien he said: "Know you what a Hafizh is?"

"One who knows the Koran by heart."

"You are a wise man, although a native of Frankhistan."

This said he rebuked me for doubting his word.

I calmed his wrath, then placed several questions the answers of which would either deny or affirm his speech. I bade him inform me as to the Oasis forming the key to the Rif, his answer was correct.

"I now believe all, Hassan, continue

your narrations; you lead a caravan to Zinder you say."

"Yes, from Bilma to Zinder, thus it was I met Shidi Emir. He provided me with all the necessary requirements and sent me hither where I was to meet a gallant Sihdi from Germanistan (Germany) whom I was to escort to him."

"Where shall I meet him?"

"At the Bab-el-Ghud (down) where from the wandering sand heaps one arrives at the sandy desert."

"Have you ever heard of the bad-djinns (ghosts) that haunt the desert?"

"I have heard of them. Do you fear them, Hassan?"

"Fear? Hassan the Great fears neither ghost nor devil, he knows that they flee at the recital of the Surat en nas (a prayer) and the Surat el fulak. You, however, are a christian and know no Surat, and in consequence of this death will befall you should you trespass their place of habitation."

"Why, then, did you permit Shidi Emir to enter that place, he will be their prey before we reach him."

This unexpected question perplexed him a little, but he soon discovered a means where with to dispel his perplexity.

"I shall pray for him."

"Pray for an unbeliever? I see, Hassan, you are a pious son of the Prophet; pray also for me, then we need not fear the ghosts of the deserts. I shall depart tomorrow at sun rise."

"Allah akbar, God is great, there is nothing beyond His power, man, however, must submit to His will and dare not enter upon a journey at dawn of day. The time of departure is at three o'clock in the afternoon or at the holy Assr, two hours before evening."

"You forget, Hassan, that this time pertains only to the caravan, the individual, however, may travel at convenience."

"Sihdi, you are truly a great and learned man, and I bewail the hour which gave you Christian parents. I see you are a man who not only is acquainted with the Koran, but one who has also a thorough knowledge of the Ihn Seffir el Koran. I shall be true to you and be your faithful guide."

"I am pleased to accept your proposal, so find yourself prepared to set out at twilight, and if your deeds betray your bravery I shall no longer hesitate to call you Djazzar-Bei and el Kebihr."

"Think you perhaps Sehdi. that I am a tuschan (tenderfoot) I capture the assaleh (most dangerous snake of the desert) and the ostrich; I hunt the antelope and gnu, I slay the panther and scorpion. At the sound of my voice every man is filled with fear and you refuse to call me by that name which I so well deserve. Sallam aaleikum, peace with be you" Bowing profoundly he left the room.

Madame Latreaumont again approached me and grasped my hand.

"So you are really determined to execute our petitions, notwithstanding the difficulty and danger in connection with them? And to-morrow already you intend to depart without having previously enjoyed our hospitality."

"Our situation, Madame, is one which demands immediate action, but if you permit, I shall enjoy your hospitality after we have again returned, but until then you will, perhaps, favour me with the keeping of my goods which I cannot possibly take with me."

"Cheerfully, I shall despatch to the ship and—"

"Pardon me, Madame, I stopped at the hotel de Paris."

"Indeed? Know you, Monseigneur, that we take this very much amiss?"

I was obliged to hear a few polite rebukes after which the matter was entrusted to a servant. I was about to retire to my assigned department when the presence of an Arabian was announced. The man was received into the parlor where I too, betook myself.

He was of a tall, haggard and robust stature. His burnus, it seemed had met with some convulsion; the camel-hair fringe adorning his caposh had been reduced to shreds, but every inch of him betrayed a genuine son of the desert, whom no danger would deter and who knew how to subject himself to any privation.

"Sal-aaleik". Such was his abbreviated address. Not the slightest movement of his head was perceived; the stock of his huge musket fell upon the marble floor producing a sound of disregard and his dark eyes were cast from one to the other.

"Speak to him, Monseigneur", whispered Latreaumont, "he's the Taurey who has been here before on account of Renald."

Nothing could have pleased me more than just the arrival of the messenger to-day.

"Sal-aal", I responded in a still more abbreviated form, "what is your errand."

"You are not he with whom I am to speak."

With me and no other are you to speak."

"To you I shall not and will not speak."

"If so, you may again return." I turned around, and the others, too, were moving towards the exit.

"Sihdi" he said.

I still proceeded.

"Sihdi" he called more urgently.

I turned my head.

"What now?"

"I shall speak to you."

"But endeavor to be polite, or your speech shall be curtailed, what is your name?"

"My name is Mahmud Ben Mustuaf Abd Ibrahim Jaacob Ibn Baschaar."

"Your name is longer than your address. Your prophet the great Mohammed says: 'Be polite towards infidels and enemies that they may thus learn to respect your faith and Kaaba, take note of that, you a Tuareg.'"

"A Tuareg and Imoscharh?"

"Of which tribe?"

"Hedjahn-Bei, our leader, does not permit his warriors to acquaint themselves with the French."

Fear had slightly seized upon me, when I heard that Renald was a captive of this notorious Hedjahn-Bei. I had already received some information regarding this cruel and audacious robber and I knew that he was a terror to the caravan. No one knew to what tribe he belonged; the entire desert was his territory. His name was known from the steppes of Algier to Sudan and from the Egyptian oasis down to Wadan and Walada in the western Sahara. He would appear at various places as if emerging from the deep and in like manner again disappear. His presence always demanded a sacrifice of human lives and goods. Hidden recesses, it seemed, were at his disposal throughout the entire desert; he must have had agents whose duty it was to inform him of every caravan of importance and also to assist him in the plundering thereof. But his person as well as his deeds were so involved in secrecy that their explanation was thus far impossible. I deemed it expedient, in the presence of the messenger, to pretend I knew nothing of him.

"Hedjahn-Bei who is he?"

"Are you not acquainted with the caravan plundered? Are you deaf that you have heard nothing of him? He's the lord of the desert, hideous in his anger, terrible in his rage and invincible in combat. That young infidel is his captive."

I laughed.

"Invincible in combat? so he must engage only with the feeble Schalal and cowards? No Frenchman will ever fear him and his Gum. Why does he not release his captive? Did he not receive ransom twice?"

"The desert is very extensive and Hedjahn-Bei has many men who are in need of clothes, weapons and tents."

"The caravan plundered is a liar and imposter, his heart knows not the truth and his tongue is false."

"Give us shoes, weapons and powder, points for our spears and canvas for our tents."

"Twice you have received what you demanded. But not a shred of clothing not a grain of powder will you receive again."

"If so the captive dies."

"Hadjahn-Bei would not grant him freedom, though we would again comply with his desire."

"He will release him. Hadjam-Bei is lenient when his demands are fulfilled."

"How much does he ask?"

"As much as he formerly received."

"That is indeed much. You wish to take the goods with you?"

"No, you are to send them as before."

"Whereto?"

"To Bab-el-Ghud."

This was the very place whereto Emery had called me, was this chance or was Emery aware of it that the robber would appear there?

"Will we meet the captive there and be able to secure his freedom?"

"Yes."

"Do you speak the truth?"

"I do not lie."

"Twice already you have said yes, and twice you have belied us. Now swear to it."

"I swear."

"By the soul of your father?"

"Yes, — by the soul of my father", he uttered with hesitation.

"And by the beard of the Prophet?"

Now he was completely perplexed.

"I have sworn; and that is sufficient."

"You have sworn by the soul of your

father which is worth no more than your own. for both I would not offer a puff of smoke. Will you swear by the beard of the Prophet?"

"No."

"So you have again belied us, and never more shall you see the stars of the desert."

His face flushed.

"Be it known to you, infidel, that the soul of the captive will take its flight to Tshehennah (hell) if I appear not in due time before Hedjahn-Bei; to this I will swear by the beard of the Prophet who knows to protect his children."

"If so your soul shall preceded his, and the bones of the plunderer and those of his Gum shall be bleached in the rays of the sun, to this I swear by Jesus, the Son of Mary, whom you call Isa Ben Marryam and who is mightier and greater than Mohammed for your own people say that he shall once be seated on the Moshee Omnijede at Damaskus, to judge all creatures of the earth, skies and waters."

He threw up his head and stroke his beard, a demeanour of disregard in vogue amongst the Beduins.

"You shall bring all that we ask for. Twice have I been in your midst and never have you dared to lay hand upon the ambassador of Hedjahn-Bei, you will also not do it to-day. Hundred men like yourself are not able to conquer him, and a thousand of the same are not capable to offer resistance to the Gum, for you'r—a Giaur." Raising my fist, I approached him.

"Are you a maniac that you venture to speak thus, you who are no more than a dog and as such deserve to be thrust to the ground?" He immediately let his musket fall and raised his arms. At either wrist a large knife or rather a dagger was suspended, the length of its blade was no less than eight inches. The ordinary Beduin generally possesses only one such knife whilst the plunderer of the desert has two at his disposal; he avails himself of their use in a manner peculiar to the Arab, namely by embracing the enemy and thus plunging them into his back. The Taureg was about to execute this his favorite feat.

"Will you recall your word?" I asked.

"On the contrary, I repeat it—Giaur."

"Then fall neath the stroke of the Giaur." Before he was able to make any

movement my fist had come in contact with his forehead and he fell like an eagle pierced with a bullet.

"O mon Dieu", cried Madame, "you have killed the man, life is extinct".

At sight of this Mademoiselle sank into the divan which stood hard by; Latreumont, too, was unable to utter a word.

"Fear not, Madame, the fellow still lives, I know well the force of my fist, were it my intention to kill him I would have slightly increased the force."

These words again recalled the breath of the terror stricken.

"You are a very giant, a Goliath, Monseigneur. It would have taken at least one hundred of my blows to bring the man 'par terre'".

The little man, who scarcely reached to my shoulders and possessed the hands of a child was, no doubt, correct in his assertion. I ordered him bound and entrusted to the care of officials.

"Mon ciel, this we dare not do, it would be certain death to Renald. Furthermore, your ferocious blow predicts a doleful issue".

"In due time I shall explain the cause of my actions, for the present, however, I entreat you to act according to my suggestions, or has it not been said that I am in possession of your entire confidence!"

"Certainly, certainly, Monseigneur, I am now about to call the servants."

At the sound of the gong the servants appeared, and in compliance with their master's command firmly bound the Arab who lay on the floor suffering from the effects of the powerful blow.

Four men zealously seized him and were in the act of dragging him off when their deficiency of strength was very much ridiculed by an observer who stood in the rear.

"Maschalah, 'Donnerwetter noch a mal' such exertions as these, be off you sparrows, I'll master him myself; speaking thus he swung the Taureg upon his shoulders and hurriedly approached the entrance."

"Stay friend!" said I when he had grasped the door knob, "you are a German."

In a twinkling, despite his heavy burden, he turned towards me saying: "Just so my lord and you too, it seems, are an offspring of our tribe."

"At all events. But where, if I may ask, is your home?"

Releasing himself of his burden, he in response related the events of his entire life this was of no little interest to me. He then inquired the object of my sojourn in Africa. Informed of this, and also learning that I intended to depart for the Sahara the following morning he begged leave to

accompany me.

In need of a servant, and preferring a German, I gladly consented.

(To be continued.)

A. J. SEIMETZ.

(To be continued.)



HOLIDAY PLEASURES.

Oh! my mind is weary thinking,
Thinking of those holidays.
Thinking what great pleasures meet me
As my friends and playmates greet me
At my home, in friendly ways.

Oh for Christmas fast approaching!
I can almost hear its tread,
Treading on the path of silence,
Without fear of any violence,
Never can it be misled.

Oh! how clearly I'll imagine
What good times will be my own;
Free to go without direction,
Free to come in all perfection
From my sports unto my home.

Oh! how clearly have I pictured
In my mind the presents fair,
That to me will then be tendered,
Oh! won't they be rich and splendid,
Even more they will be rare.

Oh! then won't my mind be easy
Free from study and from care.
Never will I think of college,
Class-room, books, or even knowledge,
Nothing but the bill of fare.

JOHN C. WAKEFER.



THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

During the Scholastic Year by the Students

OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE,

Collegeville, P. O. - - - Ind.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One year's subscription.....	\$1.00
One half year.....	.50
Single copies.....	.10

Communications from past students kindly solicited and gratefully accepted by THE COLLEGIAN.

All remittances, literary contributions, and business letters should be thus addressed: ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN, Collegeville, P. O., Ind.

EDITORIAL STAFF.

J. F. COGAN.....Editor in Chief.

J. B. FITZPATRICK.....Editor.

T. M. CONROY.....Exchange Editor

B. DIDIER, }Associate Editors.

A. SEIMETZ, }
C. DANIEL, }Reporters.
L. EBERLE, }
WM. SULLIVAN, }

EDITORIAL.

The feast of bliss and pleasure, so anxiously anticipated, has arrived at last. To all the students, as well as the friends and patrons of the *Collegian*, we hasten to offer the season's greetings for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

This month our local department will necessarily be somewhat shorter than usual on account of the *Collegian* early appearance, which necessitated the sending of manuscripts to the printer much sooner than is customary.

The *Collegian* and students beg to offer their congratulations to Father Rector and Father Benedict, the Vice Rector, who were elected to two of the most responsible offices in the Community of the Most Precious Blood. Both were chosen Consultants, while Father August was selected as one of the three delegates to Rome, and Father Benedict was made Secretary of the Order.

In our last issue the Story translated from the German of Karl May was so misplaced that it was rendered unintelligible, and we therefore deem it necessary to reprint it in this number.

In this, our holiday issue, we would call the attention of our readers to the neat frontis-piece of the Christmas *Collegian*. Suggestive of the season, and beautifully executed, as it is, no other comment is necessary than to say that it is the production of our able artist, the Rev. Paulinus Trost.

"A little key often opens a chest wherein there lies a bunch of keys", says Rodger Williams, and how often is this not verified? If every student would carefully consider this in work which he is pleased to term trifling or unimportant, he would often be surprised at the favorable result.

Many people do not enter into the true spirit of the holiday festivals. For days and weeks ahead they busy themselves at the different mercantile establishments, securing suitable gifts for their friends, and in preparing for its observance from a social standpoint. Only too often do they forget that the real meaning of the word Christmas may be expressed as the Birth-day of Jesus Christ.

Just as the morning sun dispels the darkness of the night and lends enchantment to the dawning day, so also does the glorious feast of Christmas cause the December gloom to disappear and the rays of joy to be disseminated in every home. Man seems to be held in eager suspense by some unseen--though not unknown--event, that commands all the awe and sacred reverence his heart is capable of expressing. The rich and poor alike participate in this universal happiness. Its universality cannot pass unnoticed, and though the world may assign it to natural causes and customs, we easily recognize therein the realization of the Angel's words, "Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will."

Twenty-five years ago Dec. 15th St. Joseph was solemnly named the patron of the universal Church. If we recall the time when the Church was severely attacked by her enemies, when many thought that the capturing of Rome--the very seat of the Catholic Faith--would finally cause her to

fall a victim to human intrigue, we can better understand why St. Joseph, the powerful protector of the Holy Family, was selected as patron of the whole Church. History will prove how triumphantly he has advanced her interests, while time and again he has put her enemies to shame. Indeed there could be no greater incentive inspiring true confidence within us, who are especially placed under his patronage, than a happy recollection of the vigilant care he has taken of the Church during these twenty-five years.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A German Grammar by Dr. Rudolph Sonnenberg and Rev. Michael Schoelch is a new practical grammar and exercise book for the use of schools, colleges, and particularly for pupils learning German without a master. The arrangement of this book is novel, and it seems to us, very sensible. Part I is an exercise book containing German and English exercises for translation, and part II. a grammar of the German language. Part I. is diversified with numerous short stories in German. The first of these is introduced after the pupil has translated the seventeenth exercise. It certainly must be encouraging to the beginner to find himself able to read these easy stories so early in his course. Exercises and stories intersperse each other in a manner that will certainly prove agreeable to the learner. At the end of the first part are found the well known patriotic German poems "Mein Vaterland", "Die Wacht am Rhein", and "Lied der Deutschen." Part II. contains all the necessary grammatical rules on the conjugations, declensions etc., and explains them in such a way as to make them intelligible to the learner. The many "observations" that are made by the author will do much to supply the teacher's place for the student without a master, and will also prove useful to those who have a teacher. The author proceeds on the principle that "Uebung macht den Meister", or practice makes perfect, and thus takes for the motto of part I. exercise before theory—"Zuerst practische Uebung, dann die Theorie". Developing his principle he puts a great deal of important necessary matter in a small space and discards most of the superfluous material that goes to swell the size of the ordinary text book and bewilders the

mind of the student. An English-German and a German-English vocabulary is found in the back part of the book. The volume is well bound, of a convenient size and cannot fail to prove very beneficial in the hands of the English speaking person, who is striving to master the difficulties of the German language. (Published by B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. Price \$1.00.)

The Sacramentals of the Catholic Church, is a small volume from the able pen of Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL. D. The book defines Sacramentals; explains the Missal, or Mass Book, the Ritual and the Breviary. Several chapters are devoted to "The Sign of the Cross", "The Stations or way of the cross", "Holy Oils", "Holy Water", "Blessed Candles", "Blessed Ashes", "Blessed Palms" etc. Instructions are given on The Rosary, The Angelus and the Indulgences that may be gained by their recital; also on Scapulars, medals, and girdles, and the benefits to be derived from wearing them. The Nuptial Mass, Churching of Women, The Burial Service and many other things of which Catholics hear every day, but which are nevertheless, not generally understood are clearly and lucidly explained. This book is one that should find its way to every Catholic home, for from it we will obtain a better understanding of our holy religion and thus be enabled to practice it more intelligently and fruitfully. "But", says the author in the preface, "besides being useful to the Catholic laity this work will also be of service to the teachers and more advanced pupils and students of our schools, academies, and colleges. It is also believed that it will be equally acceptable to the reverend clergy, both for their own reading and in the preparation of instructions on the subjects treated in its pages. (Published by Benziger Bros., Cincinnati, Ohio.)

The Last of the Narragansetts is the title of a drama written by Rev. Philip Williams, O. S. B., of St. Benedict's College, Atchison, Kansas. The play is taken from J. Fennimore Cooper's novel "Wept of The Wish-Tom-Wish" and is intended for male characters. Ample stage directions are also given.

The Reverend author promises if this play prove successful, to follow it up with several more of a like nature. We would like to see the Reverend Father bring out

livan's standard. The recitation by Mr. Frank Kuenle was one of the best ever spoken on our stage.

Mr. Mungovan's singing was highly applauded. We hope that he will thus favor us frequently in the future.

More vocal music is all that is necessary to make our programs attain the highest degree of perfection.

The reading of the society paper "The Columbian" was anxiously expected and excited the greatest enthusiasm. The paper, always popular, has under the editorship of Mr. Vogel attained a higher degree of popularity than ever before in its history. The jokes are not only amusing, but often contain gentle hints that will prove beneficial if properly taken.

The last program for this year was a private one, rendered on the afternoon of Dec. 18, and was as follows:

- I. Prayer.....Rev. Spiritual Director.
- II. Recitation. Patriotism,.....Ed. Ley.
- III. Recitation.....F. T. Seroczynski.
- "Jest 'Fore Christmas .
- IV. Debate. Resolved, that the Crusades were beneficial to Europe.

Affirmative.

Negative.

N. Griewe.

T. M. Conroy.

Wm. Brinkman.

Victor Scharf.

V. Recitation,.....Julian Meyers.

"Cassius inciting Brutus against Caesar".

V. Recitation.....B. F. Besinger.

"Webster's Bunker Hill Speech".

MILITARY JOTTINGS.

The recently revised tactics adopted by the battalion have arrived and prove to be the most concise drill regulations as yet introduced. A goodly portion of the tactics is composed of interpretations or answers to various questions, which different commanders have referred to the war department. They will undoubtedly prove a source of much assistance to our instructors.

Co. A has completed the school of the soldier up to the bayonet exercise. The company under the able captaincy of Mr. Fitzpatrick is sustaining the reputation, which they won in previous years.

Co. B is advancing beyond all expectations, which fact is chiefly owing to the ability of its commander in conveying his knowledge of military tactics to others and

the energetic assistance of this two lieutenants,—Ed Koenig and Jos. Engesser. Although this company has not learned quite as many movements as Co. A, yet those which it has mastered are very precise.

Two more recruits have been added to the battalion,—George and Hercule Dorval. Lieutenant Engesser instructed them in the elementary principle of drilling, after which they were assigned to Co. B.

After the Christmas holidays the Major will have all commanders review the entire tactics up to the school of the company. The time for this review will be extended to Feb. 1st. After this has been completed, a certain portion of the tactic will be assigned to the companies for each month's work. This is necessary on account of the battalion manoeuvres, which will be begun in the spring for which all companies must be precisely instructed in the same movements.

We take this occasion of mentioning the excellent conduct which the privates have shown up to the Christmas vacation. Never since the organization of the military department has such a good spirit prevailed. The frequent presence of the Chaplain. Rev. Raphael Schmaus, at the battalion drill, is also very encouraging to both officers and privates as it shows the deep interest he takes in their work.

A CONVICT'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

The sounds of the ringing Church bell
Replete with the Christmas time cheer,
Was heard in a convict's cold cell
By one that shed many a tear.

Its music indeed must be sweet
To those who are free and enjoy
The sounds that it loves to repeat,
Sounds sad to this innocent boy.

Yes, they made him pensive and sad,
To his heart directly they spoke:
When others were joyful and glad,
His cell's death-like silence he broke:

"Oh could I be home to my mother,
And brighten her long-troubled heart,
To tell her as never another,
From prison I long to depart."

'Ah! yes many years are we parted,
I'm innocent, free from the crime
That made mother dear broken-hearted,
Stamped me with the judgment of time."

"O could singing bells in yon tower
But tell me of mother and home,
'T would far be my happiest hour,
My heart longs with mother to roam."

"This Christmas, indeed, she is far
Away from my sorrow and sadness;
She prays beneath Bethlehem's star
And many church bells telling gladness."

But scarce had the bells ceased their ring-
ing,

Till steps in the dark dismal hall
Announced that the guard slow was bring-
ing

Some friend to a prisoner's stall.

Before the iron door of my cell
He halted: the voice of another
With joy I perceived as I fell
Into the glad arms of my mother.

Oh truly a welcome embrace
For never was seen greater joy.
A smile on her mien I could trace
As fondly she spoke to her boy.

"To-day", she said, "gladly, my son,
The gate of your prison I lift.
Your work as a convict is done,
Your pardon is my Christmas gift."

"O mother, dear mother"! I cried,
Your efforts I'll never forget.
For God to your prayers has replied,
And cancelled a false-punished debt."

I felt that one day 'twould be shown,
The world would my innocence see;
And now on this feast 'twill be known
That I am both happy and free."

OUR COLLEGE MUSIC.

It is not the object of the band merely to please, as some seem to think, but also to diffuse a taste for good music among all the students. Although but a few among us understand the creations of Wagner's genius, we should nevertheless endeavor to attain to the degree of musical culture, requisite for the conception of the great master's ideas. The endeavors of Prof. Hemmersbach to acquaint us with the great artist are ably seconded by the band and highly appreciated. Many of us begin to realize how great a man Wagner was and look upon him with admiration and love. The rendition of the Wagnerian selections is very creditable to the band. The fact that Wagner's music has elevated their standard, ac-

counts for the facility with which they now execute less difficult compositions, such as the masterly "Selection from Faust" by Heinicke, that exquisite piece of harmony; the "Stabat Mater" by Dvorak, Phil. Sousa's marches and similar compositions. The band, however, does not now claim that it can do Wagner full justice. The orchestra is much less able to do so, but it excites the enthusiasm of all by the beautiful melodies, and graceful variations on popular airs, varying with stately themes and spirited compositions. But for the band and orchestra, life at St. Joseph's would not be so cheerful.

ARNOLD WEYMAN.

A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.

I.

Dear Santa Claus, when with your toys
You pass through Collegeville,
Do not forget our little boys,
But do their cravings still.

II.

Now some of them much priv'lege took
And thought it was all right
But thanks, we have it in our book;
We'll show you black on white.

III.

To these you shall not give a thing
But turn them from your sight,
Though they should pray, lament and sing
From morn till late at night.

IV.

I now for all the good entreat—
I know their wishes all,
Wherefore I lay them at your feet
And bid you on them call.

V.

Joe Foggy wants a big plug hat,
Monoc'lar and a cane
A black mustache and silk cravat
And a million worth of fame.

VI.

John Crony's wish is only one
With this, we pray comply,
For if not granted he's undone,
So check that college cry.

VII.

A poet little Joe would be,
But needs some inspiration,
So help him on that soon we'll see
His poems o'er all creation.

VIII.

Bring Aid-de-camp some corduroys,
A nice new silver sword
And when he thus commands the boys
Bid Samy hold his word.

IX.

Bring Pete dear for either knee
A pad both big and strong;
And for Ray's Higher bring a key
With a memory very long.

X.

Ed Bumpy wants some cigarettes,
Dime novels and a gun;
Give him command of Mish cadets
And all will smoothly run.

XI.

Hay Market, too, sent in his claims
He wants no foolish toy,
Bring him the Life of Jessie James
And the Life of Peck's Bad Boy.

XII.

Do little Maurice well supply
with candy cakes and fruit,
Edgar wants a lemon pie
And Harry wants a flute.

XIII.

Dear Santa Claus, as to the rest
I have no more to say;
Just serve them as you think it best
For they have gone astray.

HEDIAHN-BET-BROSAM.

EXCHANGES.

It is with pleasure we again revert to The St. Mary's Chimes. It is pleasant and attractive, and in applying these adjectives, we incline to the opinion that we are scantily treating the charm of connection existing between the various contributions which display an intimate knowledge of the rules of literary composition. Washington Irving, under the more captious name of "The Humorist of Sunny-side", Oliver Wendell Holmes, and the lamented Eugene Field—a genial galaxy—are treated in an agreeable vein. But poetry, it appears to us, is its forte. Although the ascents on

Parnassus involve such difficulties, especially when we are not disposed for such a journey, we can detect no remembrance of the tedium in the numerous poetical trophies which have been returned from the land of the Muses. In the poems no abruptness occurs to mar or disturb the pleasant feelings which poetry awakens. Concluding from a cordial mention of exchanges in the last number, it is regretted the "Chimes" has no regular exchange column.

The stately *Mountaineer* anent the qualities which have raised it to an enviable literary eminence must be commended for regularity in its visits. When an exchange strays, especially when burdened with such literary excellence as is the *Mountaineer*, it seems a link dropped from the chain of our acquaintance. An essay on "The Scarlet Letter" meets the requirements of the subject. Reserve, as opposed to delivering indiscriminate tribute to a writer on the principle that many things we fain would criticize have been passed over by competent critics, is a prominent feature. "Thos. Moore" is brought to a fitting close. Quotations from the Irish Melodies and Lalla Rookh are pertinently introduced.

The Dial opens with a poem entitled "The Pale Goddess". The poem is pleasant in its nature, and easy and smooth in the manner of its versification. In "The figure in Black", the plot is well-contrived, the incidents so disposed as to keep alive interest during the perusal, and the descriptions are short though amply sufficient. Professor Boyesen is neatly taken to task for his assertions in the *Forum*. The analysis of Bryant's poem "To a Waterfowl" betrays a comprehensive grasp of the beauties and minor defects contained therein. *The Dial* is entitled to praise for its individuality. This is especially noticeable in a proper and discriminating notice taken of "The Prisoner of Zenda" the author of which has elicited admiration from the world of critics on its merits.

The leading article in *The Purple* is "Horace and some English Satirists." Cowper is introduced as a parallel. The comparison instituted between the productions of the poets is confined to proper limits, and the quotations used as illustrations lend additional interest. A tribute of esteem is written of the late Eugene Field. The editorials, though somewhat extended, are timely and instructive. The remainder

of the compositions are exhaustive of the subjects they purport to treat. The *Purpose* considered in general is gradually and successfully realizing the ideal of College publications.

Not speaking disparagingly of former issues, we believe the December number of *The St. James School Journal* contains much improvements. The amplification of thoughts selected from Tennyson's "In Memoriam" is, in a measure a tribute to the genius of that writer, and displays the correct perception the contributors possess of his productions. The essence of the few lines quoted is well developed. John Keats is the recipient of a literary wreath, and his praises are sounded forth in unbounded admiration, and the circumstances of his life are recounted in vivid coloring. The poetry does not claim to treat of poetical themes exactly, but in its nature is mediocre.

The European letters in the *Victorian* are instructive and possess a double attraction in being written in pleasant and descriptive style. A portrayal of Hamlet's character is well worthy of a mention. "Shakespeare on Mercy" shows a knowledge of his works.

Scripture and Science — a permanent feature of *St. Mary's Sentinel* has an intricate subject in the October number. Probabilism is "beyond our ken" in one regard but when we consider that it is of a philosophical nature, and could easily dwindle into an uninteresting composition, we deem it praiseworthy on account of the garb of vigorous English with which it has been clothed.

We are inclined to believe the *Boston Pilot* sustains its prestige, now, as well as in the day of the precocious Darcy McGee, and the gifted Boyle O'Reilly when their master-minds formed its tenor and kindred writers contributed to its pages. We are aware of the fact that it is not customary to mention papers among exchanges, but the kindly and grateful notice taken of college publications from time to time deserves a recognition.

PERSONALS.

The Rev. Michael Muehe, C. PP. S., of Germantown, Mo., paid us a short visit

on the 29th ult., while en route from Carthage, O. It was his intention to have been present for our Thanksgiving entertainment, but a failure to make railroad connections made it impossible for him to arrive until the following morning.

Far off [Laugdon, N. D., is now represented at the College in the person of George and Hercule Dorval, who entered on the 2nd inst. Both are students in the commercial department.

Master Henry Kalvalage went home on the 8th inst. in response to a telegram announcing the unexpected death of his aunt. He returned to his studies on the following Tuesday.

The Rev. F. Jaumgartner, C. PP. S., a former professor at the Indian Normal School, spent a few days at the College recently, visiting his old friends. Father Frederick is at present pastor of St. Peter's Church, St. Peter's Ohio.

We were honored on the 17th of the month by the presence of the Rev. Directors and Consultors of the Congregation of the Precious Blood, who came to hold a meeting in the interest of the community. The Fathers in attendance were, the Very Rev. Henry Drees, provincial of the community, the Rev. Kilian Schill, of Carthage, O., the Rev. J. Dickman, of Sedalia Mo., and the Rev. Andrew Gietl, of California, Mo. Fathers Augustine and Benedict are also members of the board.

Most of the Rev. Professors will be absent from the College during the holidays, especially on Christmas day, when they will assist at the services in many of the different churches of this and the neighboring diocese. Father Benedict will be at Sidney, Ohio, on that day, and Father Paulinus at Kentland, Ind.; Father Eugene has an engagement at Hammond Ind. for that occasion after which he will go to conduct a Forty Hours' Devotion at Celina Ohio; Father Raphael is contemplating a trip to the East; Father Maximilian will assist at the Christmas services at La Fayette and Father Marc at Peru, Ind. Father Clement will remain to conduct the Christmas music at the College after which he expects to join Professor Hemmersbach in a trip to Cincinnati.

LOCAL ITEMS.

All aboard!

"Train will leave station in ten minutes."

Buffalo Bill writing tablets — just the thing for classical compositions for sale at the stationary room.

Peter says "Skating is like parliamentary law, if you make a motion you are sure to be thrown off your balance."

Hours have been set apart at which the students may, in turn, enjoy the benefits of the bowling alley.

Classes closed on Friday noon the 20th, and the evening and Saturday morning trains were fairly captured by the different crowds of students homeward bound. It is needless to mention the mirth and exuberance of spirits that prevailed.

The chairs of the tansorial parlor have been almost constantly occupied during the last week. The patient artist was flatteringly induced to go through the operation whether the youthful cheeks were, as Milton says, "As smooth as Hebe's unrazored lips" or as "Brinky" remarks, "as rough as a newly mown hay field". Foot ball locs are now a thing of the past.

Tuesday, Dec. 3rd, being the feast of St. Francis Xavier, the patron of the community of the Precious Blood, a high mass was sung in honor of the Saint. The mass was said at 5 o'clock by the Rev. Rector.

The Columbian Literary Society is the recipient of a much prized curiosity for their museum; viz., a portion of the mail which sunk with the ill-fated steamer "Elbe". The gift is a theological magazine in the German language and was presented to the society by the Rev. Thos. Eisenring, of Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Every student that had skates and was able to use them could be seen gliding over the smoothly frozen surface of the Collegeville lake during the past month. Many, who before were unable through want of courage or practice, to enjoy this sport, have equipped themselves with the necessary outfit and are fast learning to stroke properly. There are yet a few hesitating, whether or not to make an attempt to-

learn. These should also join the merry throng as the exercise derived is very beneficial.

Through the energy and influence of Father Rector, the students going home for the holidays received the usual reductions on all the main railroad lines over which they had to travel. The rates varied on the different roads being either one, or one and one third, fare for the round trip.

The Normal Students through Father Mark their director in studies, have subscribed for several educational journals as aids to their class-room work, especially in the study of pedagogics.

Father Mark, Professor of the fourth English class, has procured a set of recitation books, containing the best selections in prose and poetry for use in his class work. On Wednesdays and Fridays a portion of the recreation hour is given to the reciting of these pieces. The good result of the work are shown by the ease with which the young Columbians of this class appear before the audience on the public programs of the society.

The Scholastics, C. PP. S., are at present preparing a German play entitled, "Schuster, bleib' bei deinem Leisten", which they intend to render on the first evening after the students' return from their Christmas vacation. The play is of a comic nature, and if the scholastics keep up the reputation which they have won as dramatists the entertainment will certainly be a rich one.

The members of the fourth Latin class have just begun to read Caesar. With Father Paulinus as instructor, we hope that they will derive pleasure, and that at the same time increase their knowledge in Latin by the perusal of these commentaries.

The architect of that air castle, recently erected for the Collegeville pigeons, forgot to make the plans for the veranda, which these fowls need before they can enter their abode. They have naught whereon to rest their feet.

On Dec. 4th a mass meeting of both the regular and secular students was called in the college auditorium, to hear the report of a previously appointed committee to decide on the selection of college colors. The colors which the committee submitted to

the house for inspection were white, red, and Nile green. The white signifying purity; the red, love; and the green: classical knowledge: hence our motto as expressed by our colors is "Pure love for our classical Alma Mater". The colors were unanimously adopted and the committee instructed to procure a sufficient amount of ribbon, half an inch wide, to allow each individual a foot of the three colors.

Doubtless, one of the most interesting sermons of this school-year was delivered by Father Rector on Dec. 15th. This being the 25th anniversary of the day on which Pope Pius IX. solemnly declared St. Joseph patron of the universal church, the Rev. Father reviewed, in his sermon, the history of the last quarter of a century, carefully showing how the Church in the different countries profited by St. Joseph's protection, and how at present she has every reason to place all her confidence in him while soliciting his further protection. Among other things he said that here in America the time of trial is rapidly approaching, that in our own country, unlike other nations, the period of religious tribulation is just dawning, for the worst is yet to come; and unless the attacks and persecutions of the anti-Catholic societies now in existence will serve to unite her members and bring them to a sense of their duty, the Church may experience a rise of internal dissention resulting from indifference, that may produce far more injurious results than any or all the attacks of external foes.

On Dec. 8th, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, and also the patron feast of the Marian Sodality, all the students went to Holy Communion in the morning at early Mass. Father Mark celebrated High Mass, and preached the sermon of the day, in which he beautifully depicted the many prerogatives of our Blessed Lady, our powerful patron.

In the afternoon the candidates who had received the requisite number of votes on the previous Sunday, made solemn profession and were received into the society. Father Benedict, the spiritual Director, then gave to each of the members, the old as well as the new ones, a beautiful diploma of membership. After a short talk by the Spiritual Director, in which he took occasion to impress upon the Sodalists their

duty as Children of Mary, the Office of the Immaculate Conception was recited and the meeting adjourned.

The Christmas vacation was of course the chief topic of conversation for some time before it commenced, not only among those who have gone to spend it at home, but also among those remaining at the College; and, if we are to believe all we heard, it would be hard to say which of the two classes are having the better time. To the former, home and friends, and the pleasures and amusements of home life, will, no doubt, go far to increase the joy peculiar to the season itself; while to the latter, the ice, the bowling-alley, the reading-rooms, and the conviviality of the recreation hall, not to mention an occasional peep into the boxes of good things sent from home, will furnish a round of pleasure that will make the time pass only too rapidly until the return of their companions, when an exchange of stories will be in order only to give way in a short time to speculations on, and preparations for, the dreaded February examinations.

On Tuesday evening, Dec. 18th, an impromptu entertainment, or program was arranged in honor of Very Rev. Provincial Henry Drees, C. PP. S., Rev. Andrew Gietl, C. PP. S., Rev. B. Dickman, C. PP. S., and Rev. Killian Schill, C. PP. S., who were at the College that day on official business. The program consisted of an address by Mr. Jas. B. Fitzpatrick, several recitations, an extemporaneous, camp-meeting sermon, by Mr. Edward Vogel, music by the band and orchestra, a vocal solo by Mr. Edw. J. Mungovan, and a play: An Amature Debate, "Shall Our Mothers Vote", by the minims.

Considering that the arrangements for the program were made only an hour or two before it began, the participants are deserving of credit.

The minims, however, had for some time previous been rehearsing their play and were to give it at the close of the Columbian program on the next day; but, on account of the presence of the reverend visitors, they gave it one day earlier, and were thus forced to forego their final rehearsal. Every one of the young players performed his part creditably. Master Chas. Roemer occupied the speaker's chair and decided knotty parliamentary points with the ease of a Crisp or a Reed. Master Edgar Mur-